

Several men have offered me mares and cows if I will cure their children. All the "patients" ask finally, "What must I eat, and not eat?"

The Bakhtiaris have often asked me whether it is unwholesome to live so much as they do on cheese and sour milk. They attribute much of their dyspepsia to their diet. They live principally on *mast* or curdled milk, buttermilk, cheese, *rogban* or clarified butter, *nan*, a thin leavened cake, made of wheat or acorn flour, bannocks of barley meal, celery pickled in sour milk, *kabobs* occasionally, and broth flavoured with celery stalks and garlic frequently. They never use fresh milk. They eat all fruits, whether wild or cultivated, while they are quite unripe. Almonds are eaten green.

They hunt the ibex and shoot the francolin and the bustard, and make soup of them. They are always on the hills after game, and spare nothing that they see. I have seen them several times firing at red-legged partridges sitting on their nests. They use eggs considerably, boiling them hard. Alcohol in any form is unknown among them, and few, except the Khans, have learned the delights of tea and coffee. Buttermilk, pure water, and *sharlat*, when they can get lime-juice, are their innocent beverages. The few who drink tea use it chiefly to colour and flavour syrup. They eat twice in the day. Though their out-of-doors life is healthy and their diet simple, they rarely attain old age. A man of sixty is accounted very old indeed. The men are cer-

tainly not polite to their wives, and if they
get in their
way or mine they kick them aside, just as
rough men
kick dogs.

We have been marching through
comparatively low-
land scenery, like the Chahar Mahals, from
which we
are not far. At Shamisiri, except for the fine
peak of
Dilleh, there are no heights to arrest the
eye. The hills